

25 Cents  
a Year—  
15 Cents  
in Clubs  
of Five  
or More.

# The Fool-Killer

When you  
get hold of  
something  
good, pass  
it around.  
Send in a  
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOLUME 7

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 1916.

NUMBER 6

## MONEY TO LOAN.

Oh, "Money to Loan" is a common sign;  
It everywhere greets these eyes of mine.  
There's money to loan to the merchant-prince  
When bad collections have made him wince.

There's money to loan to the farmer bold  
Who owns wide acres of fertile mold:  
Who keeps a hundred blooded cows,  
And rides on a tractor when he plows.

There's money to loan to most any skate  
Who has abundance of real estate,  
Or hogs or cattle, or bonds or stocks,  
To be security for the rocks.

There's money to loan if you're cutting ice;  
There's money to loan if you have the price;  
But not a plunk, nor a dollar's ghost,  
To loan to people who need it most!  
—Mason and Me.

## A SOCIETY OBITUARY.

From my esteemed contemporary, The Rebel, I learn that the untimely death of Miss Vera Yuceless, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wursen Yuceless, was an event of more than usual interest in the society news of the week.

Miss Yuceless was one of last year's debutantes, and her coming-out party was considered at the time to be one of the most extravagantly elaborate and wasteful that ever graced the columns of a society page.

The Yucelesses are one of the most prominent families in America. Lord Howe Yuceless, one of the most distinguished and respected ne'er do-wells of his time, came over in 1640. In the Revolutionary War, Commodore Moore N. Yuceless distinguished himself by being opposed to independence until he realized that the American forces were triumphant and then he came out as one of the original exponents of freedom. Since that time his descendants have kept up the Yuceless tradition as staunch and patriotic sons and daughters of the American Revolution.

Mr. Wursen Yuceless, who is one of our leading magnates and financiers, is naturally proud of his name. Other well-known members of the Yuceless family who have figured prominently in society events are Miss Remyne Yuceless, and Messrs. Ever Wazz and Will B. Yuceless.

The funeral services, which were held at the Church of the Sanctified Securities, were a splendid triumph of expensive, ornate and well-bred gloom.

## A SERMON ON KISSING.

By Robert Quillen.

There's no telling who invented the art of kissing, but it is a safe assertion that no other inventor ever saw his example so universally adopted or so "gosh-awfully" enjoyed.

Kissing is a pleasure, a habit, an ecstasy, a duty, a sin, a crime—depending altogether on the circumstances.

Kissing a baby is about the sweetest kissing on earth, but it's mighty hard on the baby. He gets such a lot of it. Pretty girls kiss him; married women kiss him; old bachelors kiss him—everybody's doing it. If he were big enough to assert himself he wouldn't stand for it, not all of it, anyway. But, then, if he were bigger no one would care to kiss him.

Kissing a girl whose lips are like warm velvet and whose cheeks are as soft as the dove's breast would be about the niftiest thing on earth, except for the fact that no one gets to kiss that kind of a girl except raw boys who haven't learned how to kiss.

Kissing one's wife is about as near perfect enjoyment as a mere mortal need hope to get. But it's a custom not universally followed. Some men never kiss their wives. And of course some men kiss other men's wives. The man who doesn't kiss his wife at least ten times a day doesn't deserve her. The woman who doesn't want to be kissed at least ten times a day doesn't deserve a husband. And yet, if the old man keeps a quid of cut plug in his jaw, the wife who stands for ten kisses a day deserves a halo and a cushioned seat alongside Job in the New Jerusalem.

There are many ways to kiss. A little baby merely opens its mouth and slobbers. A coy maiden closes her eyes and lips tight and lets some one else do the kissing. An old maid ties her lips into a hard knot and pecks at the victim like a wood-pecker. An old bachelor puckers up and smacks like the dredge of a steamshovel. Wives—real wives—kiss like the lingering clasp of hands between men friends who know how to love. And mothers? Ah, mothers kiss like the soft beating of angels' wings—like the soothing notes of some celestial harp through the twilight—like God's benediction whispered over one's bowed head.

If you want a few shares in the Republican party, you can buy them pretty cheap now.

## A SERMON TO THE DOCTORS.

Hello, Doc! I know you are a clever old humbug, and I can't help but like you, but the object of this sermon is to find out what you are good for.

Set down your colored water and bread pills on that-thar stump and let's talk awhile.

You look like a sensible man, and maybe you know a right smart, but what can you do?

That's the question.

You pretend like you can just almost raise the dead with one mighty shake of your drotted little pill-box, and here you go galloping over the country, pouring sick people full of slop and collecting big fees, and when one happens to get well anyhow, you swell out your well-fed belly and exclaim: "Behold what I did with my little pill-box!"

And the worst of it is that so many of the people believe you. They just think if they can get tanked up on about six gallons of your Doodlebug Draps they will soon be able to pick up a bull by the tail and throw him over the barn.

Poor pitiful plugs! They don't know any better, I reckon. But you diked up doctor doinse—you know better. You know that nine-tenths of your belly-wash ain't worth the rain-water and poke-berries it takes to make it. You know if you was half dead you would fight a circle saw before you would take your own medicine.

But this drug-doping devilment is a fine full tit for you pill-pouch parasites, and of course you won't turn loose till you are choked loose.

It's a puzzle to me the way you fellers operate, anyhow. Other people don't get pay for doing a piece of work unless they do it. When I pay the grocer for a sack of flour I expect to get the flour.

When I hire a man to build a house or dig a well, I expect him to do the work—otherwise he gets no pay.

But you doctor fellers must have pay for looking wise and making a blind, staggering guess at something. Hit or miss, it's all the same price. Funny business I call it.

Suppose I wade in a mud puddle and get the hookies, or eat too many cabbages for dinner and have a pain across the small end of my misery. I call in the doctor man and tell him there seems to be something wrong with my 17-jewelled innards, and I want something done for myself right forthwithabus. He sets down his hog-hide hamper-

sack, looks cross-eyed at the mole on my lip, and says:

"Oh, you've got a bad case of Extemporanimus Obstrepidoodle Damfino. Drink a gallon of this medicine every fifteen minutes till you either die or get well. Ten dollars, please."

## REMARKS OF THE HUMORIST.

A fork is supposed to leak.

Time will cure snoring, but it's got to be day time.

One of the best possible places to enjoy a vacation is somewhere else.

Beauty is only skin deep, but the envy it creates strikes to the marrow.

Men who live from hand to mouth get most of it on their vests.

Battles could be considerably shortened by fighting in the last ditch first.

Even if a watch is out of fix, it is always possible to tell day and night on it.

When a woman misses her thumb with the hammer she generally hits the tack.

It is said to be mighty hard to drink a hard-boiled egg through a straw.

If it wasn't for fishermen the fish would live forever, as it is impossible to drown them.

A jury is a body of men appointed to say which side has the smartest lawyer.

Some men marry poor girls and settle down, while others marry rich girls and settle up.

The cry of "turn the rascals out" is often raised by other rascals who want to get in.

It is all a mistake about women, not being able to take a joke. Just look at the things some of them marry.

Scientists have been unable to find out how a worm spends its time while waiting for the chestnut season to open.

By camping out behind the chimney and rubbing poison ivy on yourself, it is possible to secure an exact duplicate of a summer vacation at one-tenth the cost.

The Durned Socialist was approached the other day by a stranger who extended his hand and said: "Good morning, sir! Your face has a familiar look—where in he'll have I seen you before?" "I don't know," replied the Durned Socialist. "What part of hell are you from, anyhow?"

I am as well satisfied as I ever expect to be in this old wicked world. How are you?